

1 Oh we're going home, to the old hearth stone,
Where warm hearts will greet us, as homeward we come,
The fetters are strong, round the house hold throng,
'And we have wandered long,
But we're going, going, we're going home,
'For we're going - going - going - going -
We're going home.

2 Death the ever green hill by the gentlest rill,
That ever kissed pebbles, the old cot still,
Goes on to decay as it did that day,
When we wandered away,

3 But we're going, going, we're going home, &
Soon, soon, shall we press, to our throbbing breasts,
The friends we in childhood so fondly caressed,
Our heart strings thrill, our eye-lids fill,
'For we love them still,

But we're going, going, we're going home, &

4 Oh would that our joy were free from alloy,
Oh would that no bedings our hopes could destroy,
But we soon shall know whether weal or woe,
Be tide where we go,

For we're going, going, we're going home. &

5 Kind strangers adieu! with hearts ever true,
As onward we go we will oft think of you,
Your praise we'll repeat, Whoso our friends we meet.
O Round the family seat,
God we're going, going, we're going home,
Yes we're going - going - going - going -
We're going home.

Sylvia

